

THE FIELD AFAR

# Maryknoll

FEBRUARY 1955



**HOW TO  
BUILD A  
HOUSE  
FOR \$150**

(see p. 4)

No sound in the Maryknoll woods  
this morning but the soft whirl  
of snow flakes — billions, like  
the myriad souls of human folk.



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# RUSTLER HOSPITALITY

They prefer stealing to education.

BY JOSEPH A. REINHART, M.M.

■ OUR Christian community in Bwiregi has grown in the past few years and I wanted to greet them. So on Monday I gathered my belongings for a three-day safari to Bwiregi, one of the outstations of our mission that is located about twenty-five miles to the east of our center.

The Bwiregi section is beautifully scenic; its rolling pastoral lands are a treat to behold. At one end of this tribe's land is the Kenya border; in that section lives the famous Masai tribe, which periodically makes raids on Bwiregi. To the south is an escarpment, a continuation of the one our Rosana mission is situated on.

In the back of the jeep I put the Mass kit, a cot, a few personal belongings and the movie projector. My so-called cook got in with me, and off we went down the road which is far from being a superhighway. I am used to it because a good bouncing in a jeep is an everyday event in this mission.

As we arrived, some of the Christians were trying to put a door on the Padri's hut. Others came running from their huts to greet me. The mothers called for the children to come and see the Father from Rosana and his jeep. The rainstorm which I had raced with finally came and the downpour made things miserable for an hour.

One of the Christians brought a chicken for my evening meal. The cook tried to prepare it in a suitable fashion. After supper I showed the people a movie on the Holy Father and one on St. Anthony. The Christians could hardly follow the sequences so you can imagine how the pagans fared.

The people here are a bit backward; few have any education at all. Bwiregi is famous in these parts because its people burned down the Government school twice within a few months. They prefer cattle rustling to education.

Next morning before Mass, I heard ninety confessions. A large

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group from across the border had come to receive the sacraments. Mass was late in getting started but time means nothing in Bwiregi; it didn't bother them at all.

I asked them in the sermon to pray especially for the lapsed Catholics of the region.

After Mass three men and two boys accompanied me on a long walk. We made a tour of the section which ended at six o'clock at night. I tried to visit every Christian in the neighborhood. I made it a point to meet as many pagans as I could, to exhort them to study the religion.

Many women were working in the gardens, for it was planting time. Some came to greet me; some were afraid; some thought I was a Government employee and were obviously suspicious. But when I greeted them in their own language, big smiles lit up their faces, and friendliness was the order of the day. Many promised to come and "read" the religion.

It was a treat to see their large

well-cultivated gardens. Talking about the crops gave me a good chance to learn some new words in the local language.

By the end of the day, I had received many presents: four chickens, eggs and vegetables galore. That night I again showed them movies, this time one on the life of Christ. Explaining the movie called for a wide command of the language but that never stops me from trying to tell them something.

The next day I walked from ten in the morning till six in the evening. Among my most interesting encounters was one with Mogeni. He is an old fellow who was so amazed to see me that he took hold of my hands. He never ceases to marvel at the whiteness of my skin and the color of my fingernails.

"You should have told me you were coming," said Mogeni. "I would have killed a goat for you." Then he said to one of his men, "Get that chicken and give it to the Padri."





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It was one-thirty in the afternoon when I reached the escarpment. I wanted to descend it, to visit a lapsed Christian but I didn't have the energy: The sun was so hot that the catechist and I had to get under a tree and rest for an hour.

I had brought two hardboiled eggs and a peanut-butter sandwich. They looked up from their lunch, thinking that I was eating the egg raw. Just for the fun of it, I said there was a baby chick inside the egg I was eating. They caught on and we all had a good laugh.

My feet started to hurt because the shoes had hardened after drying and seemed to push against my toes. Between my sore feet and the catechist's sore leg, our trek back to the outstation was a slow one.

A strange cow came walking along the path, and I said to the catechist, "Get on its back and get yourself a free lift. That's the three o'clock Bwiregi taxi special."

That night, after the movie projector had run an hour, the kerosene

was exhausted. The show had to be called off. I was glad in a way, because it gave me a chance to get to bed early. I was very tired.

Next morning bright and early Mogeni was outside my door. He had brought a bottle of milk from freshly milked Bessie, one of his many cows. "I came to bring a gift for the Father for his tea. He is my friend," said Mogeni. And off he went.

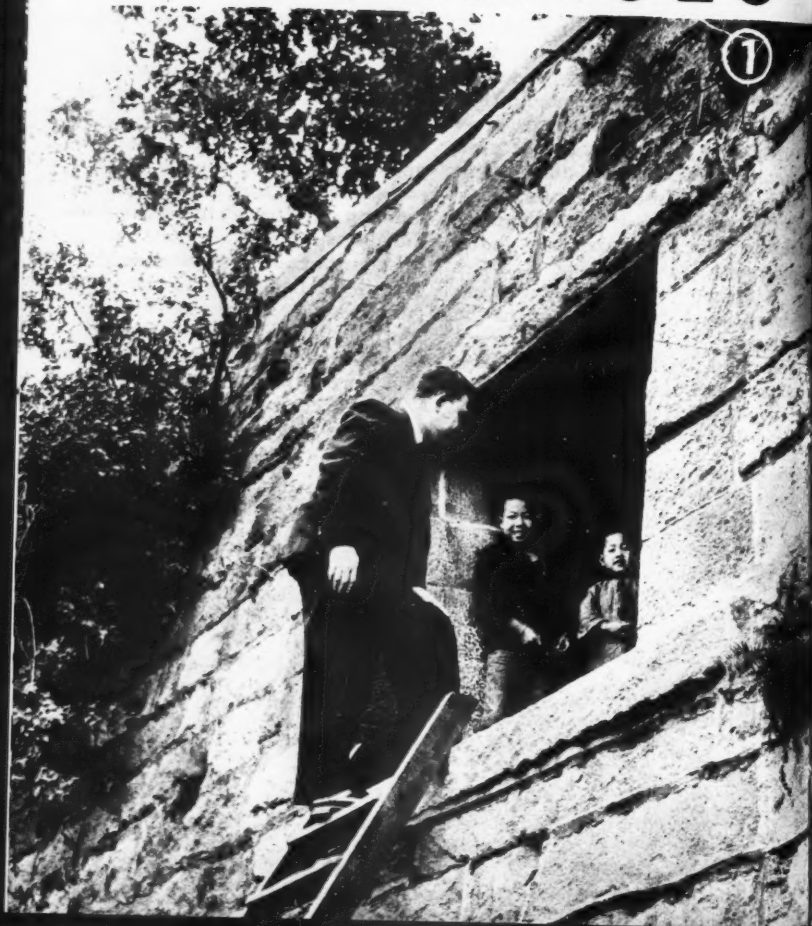
After Mass one of my catechists told me that his house had burned down last night. We had seen a terrific blaze and someone thought it might be Augustine's home. Apparently someone had gotten mad at him and put a match to his house to show his spite.

Later that morning I managed to get all the baggage into the jeep. It's always a surprise to see how much it can hold. As a farewell, they gave me a few coins which they said were to help the mission.

"Come again and greet us," they shouted as I drove off.



# FROM TUNNELS TO TERRACES



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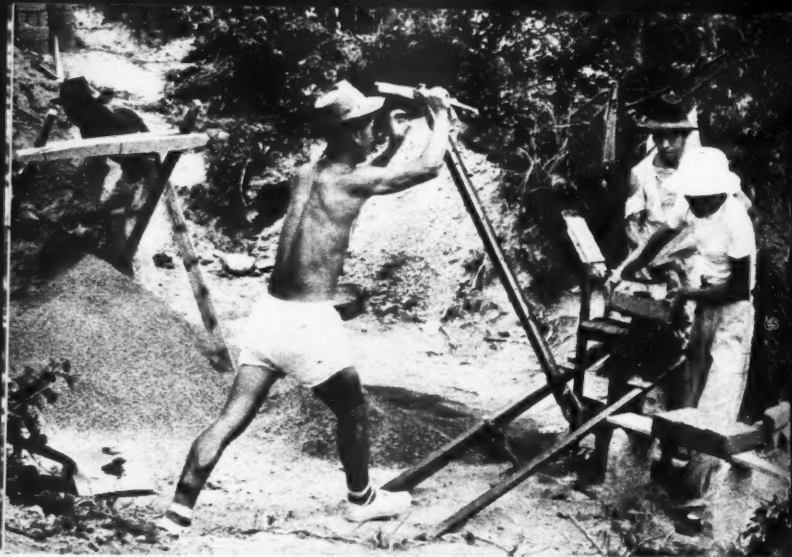
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1. Hearing that fifty Hong Kong refugee families were living like moles in the dank tunnels and foundations of abandoned Belcher Fort, Father Paul Duchesne, Maryknoller from Cohoes, N. Y., climbed the rickety ladder and entered the tunnels to see for himself.

Father found families living as much as thirty feet underground. The ventilation was terrible because the tunnels were full of smoke from cooking fires. The people were all poverty stricken, unable to afford better quarters. Father was particularly touched by the ragged dirty children who crowded the ruins. He realized that help was needed in a hurry.

2. Powdered milk, clothing and blankets were distributed to the tunnel dwellers. But Father knew that a solution of a more permanent nature was needed, particularly since the fort was to be soon demolished. The weather was cold, and the people could not sleep on the streets.

Father Duchesne called the people together. He told them that he did not have sufficient funds to help them all, but he would build ten houses for the ten largest families. When he examined the cases, he raised the number to fifteen families, and then to twenty-five. Everyone seemed deserving of help, and he found it hard to limit his charity.



- 3.** Father imported a brickmaking machine from South Africa that made 1,700 bricks a day. Laboratory tests proved the bricks to be of high quality. The machine was set up on each site to do its work.



- 4.** As one squad turned out bricks, another began erecting the homes for the tunnel dwellers on a terraced hillside in the Maryknoll Chai Wan parish. No door or window looks in on any neighbors.

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**5.** Father Duchesne made a careful check on the progress of this project. He had to keep costs down, and was able to do so by making his own building materials. The brick machine turned out bricks for a penny each! The results were so good that Father was able

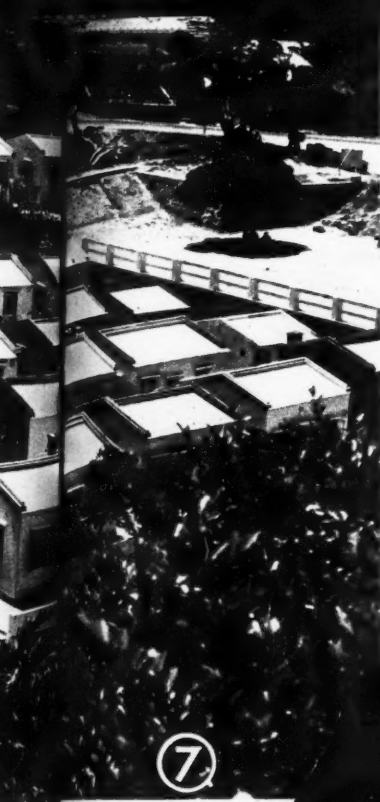
to increase the number of houses to thirty-nine.

Six weeks after he decided to help the tunnel dwellers, the new houses were ready for occupancy. You can imagine the happiness of the people at receiving these homes. What do you think each house cost?



**6.** Each house cost only \$150. Built of brick, plastered inside and out, with iron doors and window frames, and asbestos roofs, the houses represent a real bargain. Yet an American official, on his way to Indo-China to build houses for refugees, called them "too elaborate." Father believes his construction is the simplest possible.

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**7.** Here's a general view of the housing development. It must be seen in color to be appreciated. Six colors of plaster were used on the outside, and six colors of asbestos for the roofs. The families were chosen according to size, and there are a hundred children in this area. School is a three-minute walk.

**8.** The houses were given away entirely free to the people, who found it hard to believe their good fortune in moving from darkness to sunlight in six weeks.

"The credit belongs to the good benefactors who made this all possible," says Father Duchesne. He is now busy helping the tunnel dwellers to find permanent means of livelihood, and planning more houses for more refugees.







Father Francis Lynch gets a friendly pointer from his Taiwanese teacher.

# Shutter Preaching

Here's a missionary who turned  
a hobby into an opportunity.

BY R. RUSSELL SPRINKLE, M.M.

■ HOW DO YOU like your sermons? Sitting in comfort by the radio or in church? From prepared notes, memorized manuscript or extemporaneously? Do you favor the pulpit

with a loud-speaker system, or a sonorous voice from the altar rail?

On Formosa, one priest has discovered a novel way to win a hearing for Christ's words and sow the seeds of faith far and wide. Shouts of youngsters greet him, and the oldsters welcome him, whithersoever he chooses to roam. The learned listen to his words, and the common people ask for more. He gets invitations galore — to weddings, birthday feasts and funerals. They ask him to come and see the new baby and sometimes even request him to give it a nice name; they never fail to look for him on the day of baptism.

Men call him when they cut sugar cane, and tell him when they will be planting or harvesting rice, explaining carefully what fields are going

to be worked. They invite him up into the pineapple fields, and down into the banana groves. He knows when soy beans are to be cleaned, and when the sweet potatoes and yams will be harvested.

Father Francis Lynch is the man. A picture here, another there. A snap on the bridge, and a click by the banyan tree. A stealthy shot in an old temple, and a posed one by the well. Here, there, and everywhere — snaps and clicks gradually fill up a roll. As Old Sol dips towards the west and shadows get long, Father Lynch heads for home.

When all the world is a dark room, he loads film into developing tanks and out comes a strip of negatives that would gladden the heart of a professional. His darkroom is a tiny, stuffy shed once used as a storeroom in the days of yore, when the Spanish Dominicans had a printing shop in Tienchung. From one negative, he sometimes blows up four or five pictures. Then again, he may make fifteen or twenty prints, one for each individual in a big group. The house boy gets in on the work. The neighborhood children like to help. They carry bucket after bucket of the water necessary to wash the prints.

If you want to see some fun, trail Father Lynch as he returns down yesterday's road. Notice the pack of pictures he carries? Just watch.

He spots a familiar face. "Hi, Kiddo! How are you?"

The boy smiles and says, "Have you eaten yet?"

Then comes the pay-off. "Do you happen to know this fine-looking chap?" asks Father Lynch, as he selects a picture.

The boy looks closely at the picture; a great grin spreads from ear to ear. "Why, it's me," he blurts out.

Father Lynch grins. "Sure enough, Bud, keep it."

Two seconds later he is running like a deer for home. "Hey, look! Look at me! The priest from the Catholic mission gave me my picture. Boy, can he take pictures! And he has some more, too. Come and see."

And so they come, little and big, old and young. Those with pictures are almost mobbed, and Father Lynch is literally venerated. Mothers bring their babies; old folks request pictures. Of course there are pests—Father Lynch calls them the lens louses — who try to get into

She must think it's a screen test.



every picture. Is there any end to all this? Father Lynch has discovered a way. He takes a few pictures, talks a while, takes a few more. Then when one roll is used up, he says, "All finished on this roll. No more today." He takes the roll out of the camera. Someone brings tea and invites Father Lynch to have something to eat.

Gradually he gets away, and if it is not too late, he reloads the camera with a fresh roll of film, taken from one of his pockets, to be all set for the next village.

It is getting so that Father Lynch can hardly venture out of the house without hearing the request, "Come to our house and sit down for a while — and while you are there we can talk, and you can take some pictures."

Father Lynch gets a lot of enjoy-

ment out of his hobby. It entails work, making that many pictures, but he has made friends far and wide, with his hobby.

The catechists have discovered that his friendliness is a wonderful help to them in preaching the doctrines of Our Lord. Now hardly anyone is a stranger to the

Church. Father Lynch wishes that he could take even more pictures, and do even better work than at present. He is prevented from doing so because films are expensive, as are photographic supplies. His camera is no longer new. In the summer time his dark room is so hot and stuffy that it is just about like a Turkish bath, except at night when the door can be left wide open.

He has a secret ambition — to present some of his special friends one of these days with a colored picture of themselves.

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## INDY ANN SNAPS A PHOTO



BY WILBUR J. BORER, M.M.

# The Blind Beggar

■ A KOREAN leper catechumen came to my house the other day and asked me to give the Last Sacraments to a young blind leper.

"Here is a trip of about fifty miles," I thought to myself.

I learned, however, that he had brought the dying man in.

The blind leper had been taken to a hovel underneath a bridge near the mission. Lepers are tolerated there. They have no rent to pay, but when the river rises, they must move to higher ground.

I entered the hovel through a tiny door. In the middle of the "room" there was barely enough space between the sick man and the wall for me and my sick-call kit. Until I could light a candle, I kept the door open for light to see by.

The blind leper received the light of Faith in his early years, but had not been to the sacraments for a long time; lepers are not allowed to enter public buildings, and have to be ministered to in places where others are not present. At Chungju they come to the sacristy; even that arouses objections. But Koreans keep the Faith under most difficult conditions.



After receiving the sacraments, Simon, the leper, motioned to the leper catechumen to give me some money, which he said was his yearly contribution to the Church. The amount was that of one in ordinary circumstances, and would have been sufficient to feed him for at least a week. To forestall argument and avoid hurting his feelings I said that I accepted the money, but wished to offer it as an alms in his present difficulty. Simon objected, but when I insisted that I was accepting the money and wished to use it for this purpose, he gave in. Although these lepers live by begging, none of those who are preparing for Baptism ever asked me for any help. Their generosity is the best measure of their Faith.

# THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

By Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**Maryknoll** ordained forty priests in 1954. Please God, in 1955, we shall increase that number by fifty per cent. Many United States bishops will read this and wonder. Would that we could help them in their vocational problems, as indeed we often do by their invitation.

Needless to say, the remedy does not lie in diverting the overseas aspirants to the home field. It takes a great deal of faith for a bishop to resist the temptation to dissuade young men from going far afield if he lacks priests in his own diocese.

Sometimes it is good to look beyond the horizon in order to adjust one's sight to a world view of the Church's obligations. The 1953 figures of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda will give us the needed perspective — while keeping in mind that the Church here was planted by European missionaries. We can learn a good lesson from these statistics.

**Let us look** first at the missionaries of European origin. On June 30, 1953, there were 12,977 missionary priests from Europe in the field: 7,471 in Africa; 3,056 in Asia; 1,338 in Oceania; 1,112 in various parts of the Americas. The French led the list with 3,382; Belgium had 2,280; Netherlands, 2,137; Italy, 1,300; Ireland, 1,186; Germany, 784; Spain, 751; Great Britain, 506;

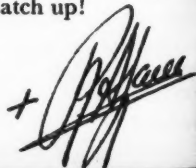
Switzerland, 359; 292 from smaller countries. These totals don't include 3,000 expelled by the Reds.

In the last twenty years, Ireland has trebled its number; Switzerland has doubled its number, as has Great Britain. Netherlands has gone from 941 to 2,137; Belgium from 1,162 to 2,280. France and Italy ran about the same. Spain dropped because of the civil war, as did Germany because of the world war.

**How about** the American contribution? The latest figures indicate that missionary priests of American origin number 2,280. They are divided as follows: 913 in the Americas; 183 in Africa; and 250 in Oceania; 934 in Asia.

In twenty years, the United States has more than doubled its number of missionary priests. In spite of this increase, our contribution is still far below that of Europe.

Lest we feel inclined to be too happy about our growth, let us consider what the countries are doing that do not possess more than four million Catholics, that is Netherlands, Ireland, Great Britain, and so on. We are only recently in the field. All the more reason why we should try to catch up!



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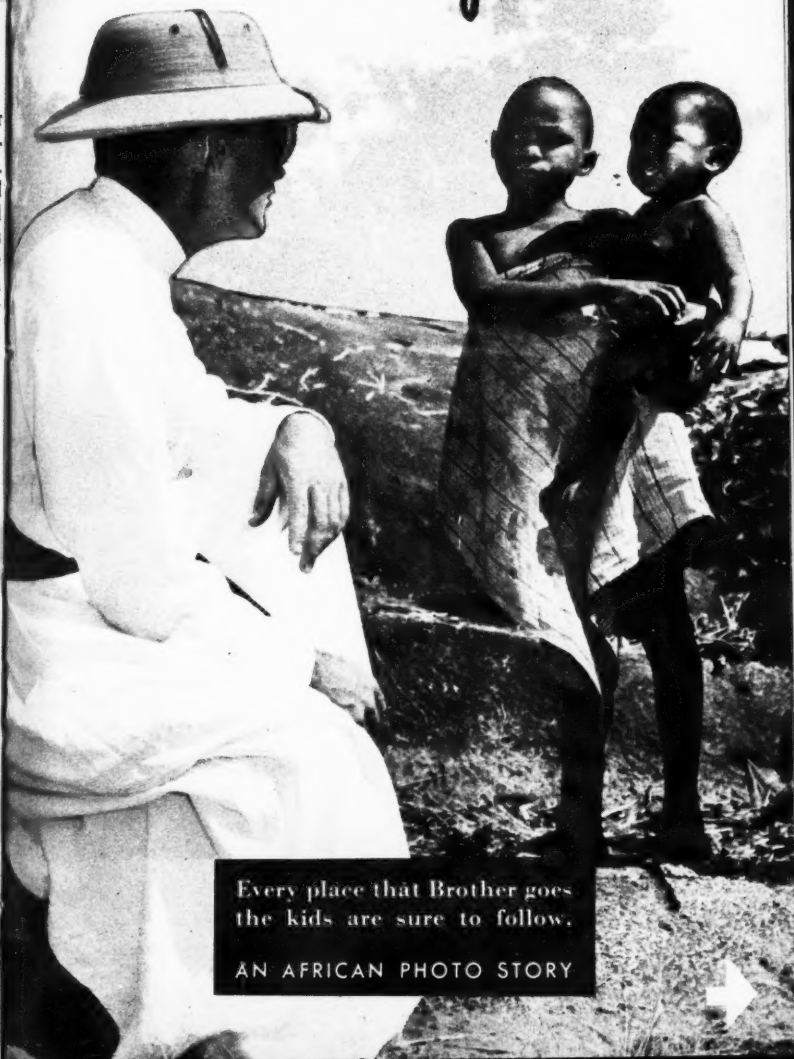
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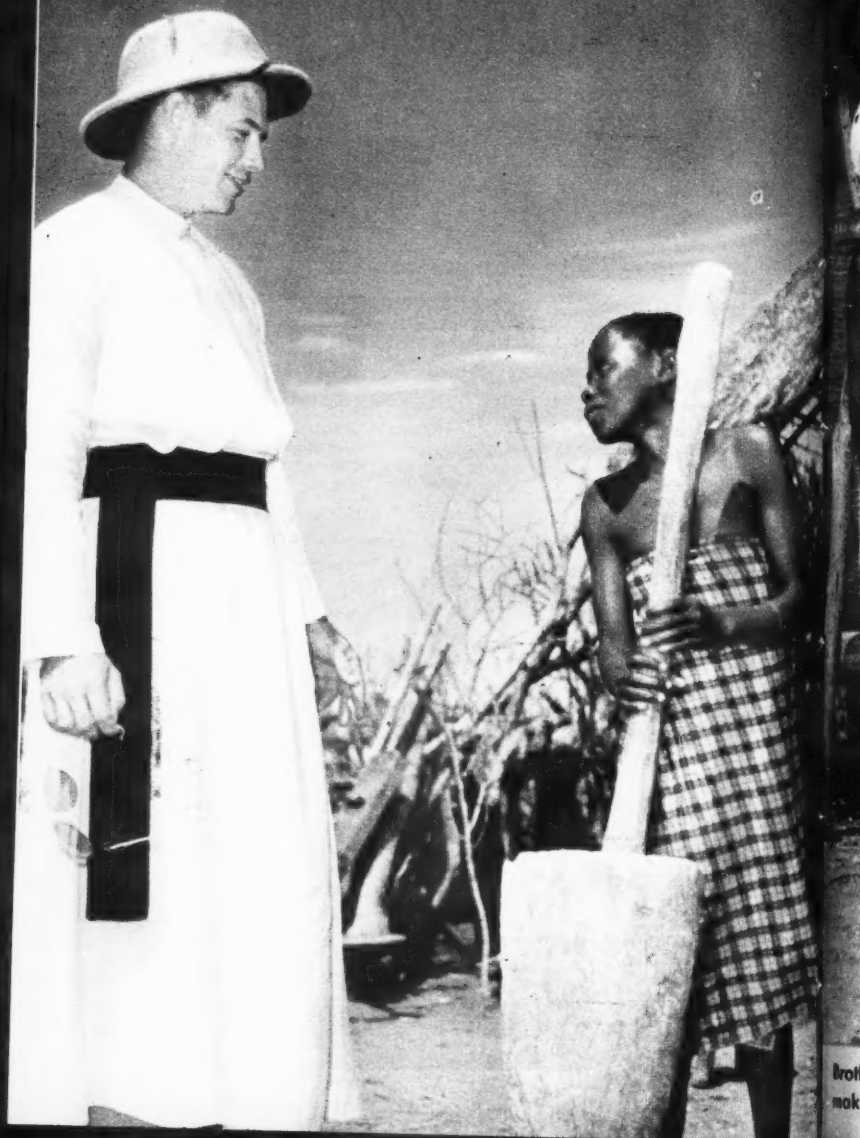
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# Brother Had a Way with Him



Every place that Brother goes  
the kids are sure to follow.

AN AFRICAN PHOTO STORY



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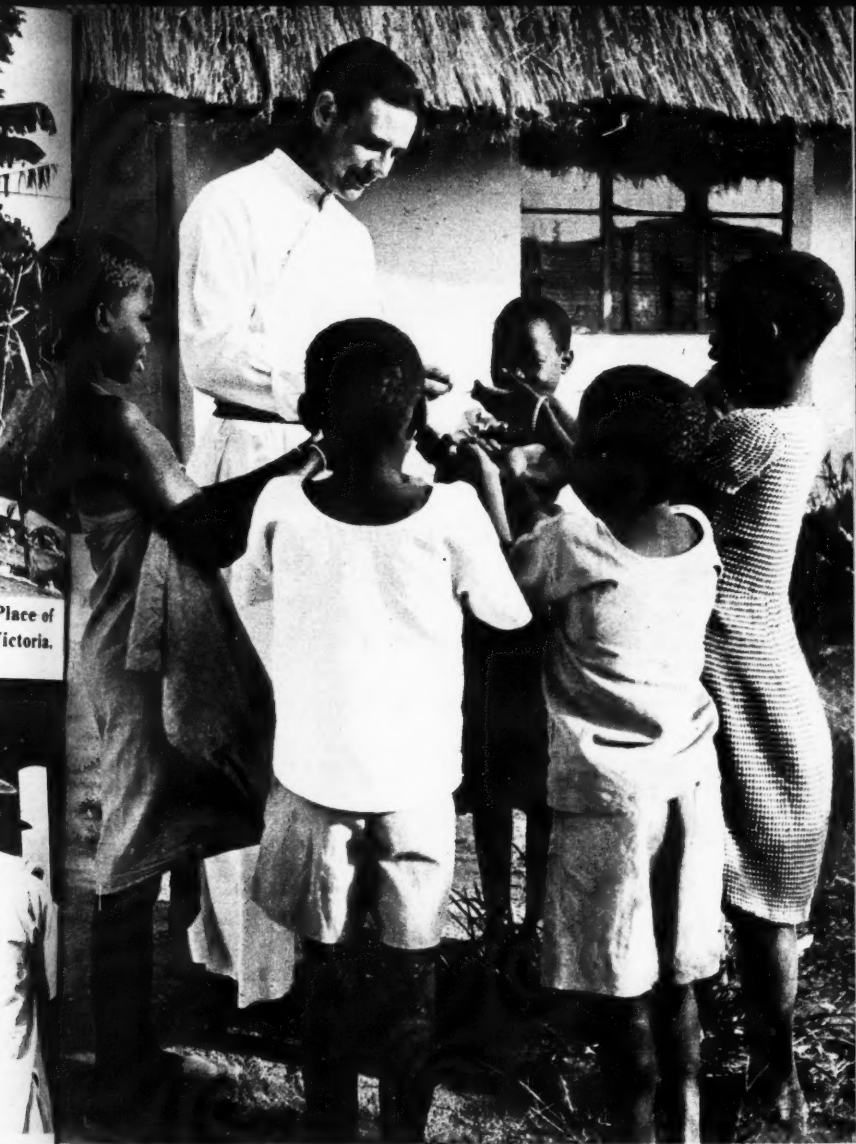
Brother Damien Walsh, of Wheeling, West Virginia, has the knack for making friends in Africa. Youngsters like him because he likes them.



**Brother works out of Musoma's central mission at Nyegina -- "The Place of the Black Rocks." The mission is found six miles inland from Lake Victoria.**



**Brother Damien is in charge of much of the new mission construction that is going on in Musoma. He and his crew of workers travel wherever needed.**



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Brother's work gets him around among the different tribes of the area. At Iramba mission (above) he passes out candy to some of the Bangorimi boys.

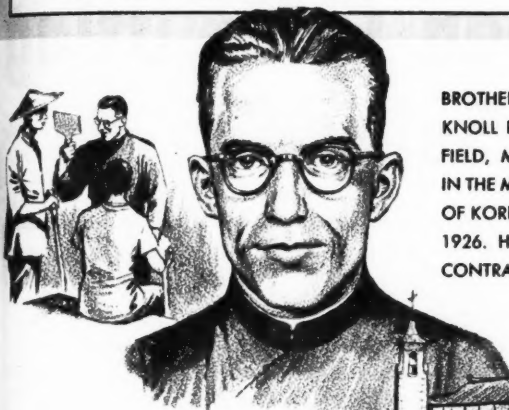


Brother takes good care of his workers. At regular intervals he goes out near the Serengeti Plains and hunts. The topi (right) will be carefully divided up among his crew. Africans like meat, but get very little.



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# What ONE Brother Can Do!



BROTHER WILLIAM, A MARYKNOLL BROTHER FROM PITTSFIELD, MASS., HAS LABORED IN THE MARYKNOLL MISSIONS OF KOREA AND JAPAN SINCE 1926. HE IS THE ARCHITECT, CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.

IN KOREA AND JAPAN, BROTHER WILLIAM HAS BUILT 15 CHURCHES, 17 CHAPELS, 18 RECTORIES, 6 CONVENTS, 6 SCHOOLS, 11 HOUSES, 2 SANATORIA, PLUS 10 OTHER MISSION BUILDINGS.

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# Is Japan Committing Suicide?

Father Leopold Tibesar reveals in this interview his convictions about the opportunity the Church has in Japan. His conclusions are incisive: they are based on years of sympathetic study of Japan's problems and his position as secretary of the National Catholic Committee of Japan. He feels that the Church has a golden opportunity to insinuate her principles into the thought-stream of Japan, as solution for her many pressing problems.

**Q** *Father Tibesar, what is your position in the Church in Japan?*

**A** I am Secretary General of the National Catholic Committee of Japan. It corresponds roughly to our NCWC here in the United States.

**Q** *What does the National Catholic Committee of Japan do?*

**A** The National Catholic Committee is the co-ordinator of various Church activities on a national level. It takes care of the publication of special material that the average Catholic publisher would not or could not touch; e.g., works on the Church's social doctrine, the Year-book, aids for the laity.

**Q** *What is the basic problem in Japan today?*

**A** The basic problem in Japan is the population problem. It goes deeper than finding the necessary *Lebensraum* in which to exist. Japan needs to cultivate the *will* to live, the hope of physical and moral resurrection and the ability to cope with the problems of life.

**Q** *What is Japan's population?*

**A** The population in Japan today is 85 million. It increases annually at the rate of between a million or a million and a half.

**Q** *What percentage of food do the Japanese raise for themselves?*

**A** According to General MacArthur's experts, they should be able to raise about 80%. However, in practice, it doesn't work out that

efficiently. I should say about seventy per cent.

**Q** 30% has to be imported?

**A** Yes.

**Q** What is Japan doing to correct this overpopulation problem?

**A** A great many professors are trying to solve various phases of the food problem. The official attitude of the Government is probably best expressed by the new abortion law. It allows those persons to procure an abortion who are deemed to be either physically unfit to bear a child, or financially unable to support one. At the present time, over one million babies a year are being sacrificed because of this overpopulation problem. That could become national suicide.

**Q** How many abortions are there a year, Father?

**A** Legalized abortions, I have it on reasonably good authority, run to over a million. Those not legalized would be anyone's guess.

**Q** Is there any opposition to abortion other than by the Church?

**A** I don't suppose the people who are using abortion are proud to be using it. They have simply lost hope, have succumbed to pessimism. People naturally love their children. Probably the Japanese love children even more than some other peoples. However, they always tell you when you bring up the question, "*Shikata ga nai*." ("There is no help for it.")

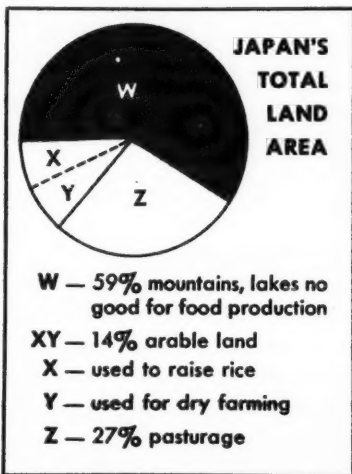
**Q** Are there any Government forces opposed to abortion?

**A** One of the members of the Welfare Ministry to whom I put this question said that some officials realize there is something wrong with abortion, but they don't think that the use of contraceptives is immoral. At any rate, that is their policy, and they intend to carry it out.

**Q** But is there no opinion anywhere that such a policy is hurting Japan?

**A** Not as far as I can detect. The great concern in Japan at the present time is how to make a living. They're not too much taken up by speculation concerning what they regard as side issues.

**Q** Is Japan making use of all its available land?





## INTERVIEW

**A** Japan is making use of all its land to the extent that they're financially capable of doing so. When one sees the mountains of Japan, one realizes that Japan is a country that doesn't have too much arable land — only about 14% of her total area. A little over 27% is used for pasturage. Of the tillable 14% of the country, 56.5% is used for rice production; 43.5% is used for dry farming.

**Q** *How about grazing animals?*

**A** I brought that question up to some of the Japanese experts, and they said that the type of grass that grows in much of Japan cuts the mouth of sheep and cattle.

**Q** *What solutions are being proposed other than abortion?*

**A** Father Kaschmitter has brought up a proposal to build up foreign enclaves populated by Japanese farmers; the products of such enclaves to be sent back to Japan. His Excellency, Archbishop Doi, of Tokyo, believes in self help. I personally believe that Japan should start at home and organize a committee of experts who would study this problem with a good deal of Government interest being shown in what they are doing and see what could be achieved by self help. I believe there are many things that Japan could do at least to palliate the evil. I don't think there is any final solution within the power of the Japanese people or the Japanese Government. To this extent, their attitude of pessimism is under-

standable. No foreign government has shown sympathy toward Japan's plight. Even the recent Peace Treaty made no mention of it.

**Q** *Is there any use being made of hydroponics?*

**A** No. Hydroponics is regarded as far too expensive for Japan. I believe that if the Japanese did get interested in hydroponics, they might be able to find a method by which they could achieve present results much more cheaply.

**Q** *Is there talk of getting food from the sea, other than fish?*

**A** There is a great deal of talk and a lot of experimentation going on. Certain research professors, even the Emperor himself, are interested in this. But to date, they haven't achieved a great deal.

**Q** *Father, is Japan turning to religion?*

**A** Japan has always been a religious country. The Government has used religion a great deal to put across its policies and to conduct its wars. At the present time, however, this type of interest on the part of the Japanese Government has been reduced to a minimum.

**Q** *But on the part of the people themselves? In 1945, there were 44 religious bodies; but in 1952, there were over 700.*

**A** After the war, there was a tremendous upsurge in religion because people were suffering keenly. Many of these were rackets, however. The Shinto sects have come back in the form of, let us say, Tenrikyo, which is now quite popu-

lar. Buddhism is on the down grade. Many thinking Japanese are keenly aware of the need of religion. Parents are much concerned over the inability of the Education Ministry to give their children religious training in the public schools. The parents believe it is impossible to educate a child without religion.

**Q** How about family life since the war?

**A** Family life has been extremely difficult because of the housing shortage. Several families live together in one house, usually restricting themselves to one room for each family. It is difficult to support a family as a unit. Many of the farmers in northern Japan, who are not able to support their daughters, sell them into slavery.

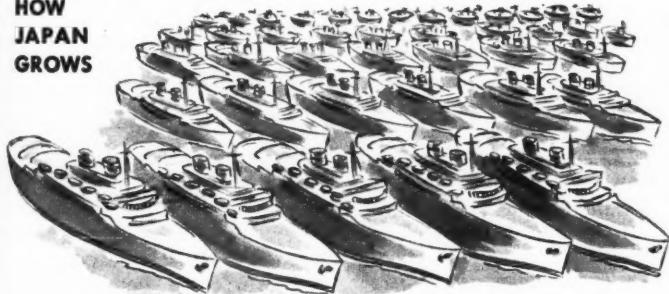
**Q** The Japanese had strong parental respect, didn't they? Is that authority still held in respect?

**A** They still respect their parents; however, the ties binding children to their parents are weakened since the war. Naturally, a child that is sold by its father and mother in order to raise funds on which the parents can live, is not going to be too attached to its parents.

**Q** What is the position of women in modern Japan?

**A** The position of women is one that is totally unprecedented in the history of Japan. During the war, great numbers of women were used in industry. They were taken away from their homes, put in dormitories, or boarded out in families, and had to make their way alone. Since

## HOW JAPAN GROWS



Each symbol equals ship size of Liner United States (capacity 2,000 passengers). It would take a fleet of 800 such liners to hold Japan's annual population increase.

## INTERVIEW

the war, that is still true. Nowadays every person in the family who can work is either working or not eating.

**Q** *Is it true that 50% of married people practice birth control?*

**A** Over 50% of the upper-class, and the white-collar city dwellers, have practiced it. Birth control is resorted to most of all by the white-collar workers (46%). Secondly, I would say, by the commercial people (29%); thirdly, by trade laborers (25%); and fourthly by farmers who resort to it least of all (17%).

**Q** *How high is Japan's divorce rate?*

**A** I don't have the exact figures. I think that the Japanese rate is about the same as America's.

**Q** *Turning to the Church, I have heard the accusation made that the Church is getting away from the ordinary people—that it is becoming a Church of the intelligentsia. I have read that 30% of its converts are college graduates.*

**A** We are happy to number among our Catholics an unusual number of highly intelligent people but we are by no means a church of the intelligentsia. Many working people are interested in the Church and many priests are interested in the working people. The Church today is far more accessible to all Japanese than it was in the past.

**Q** *Another accusation made is that the Church in Japan is a women's Church.*

**A** That is true. Every priest knows that of his catechumens the women outnumber the men three to one, sometimes, even five to one.

**Q** *Isn't there a great danger that through marriage you will lose your women converts?*

**A** Where the girl holds out for a Catholic partner, very frequently she can obtain one. To complicate this problem, Japan's women outnumber its men by some three million.

**Q** *How high is the leakage in the Church?*

**A** The majority of the members of the Church in Japan are new converts, and the possibility of leakage is great. I am not in a position to quote any figures.

**Q** *Are any religions in Japan as active in making converts as the Church?*

**A** The Shinto sects are far more active and far more effective in making converts than we are.

**Q** *Are there any Catholic movements peculiar to Japan that should be noted?*

**A** Nobody has a corner on all the wisdom and consequently it has been the policy of the Apostolic Internuncio to get as many ideas from as many sources as possible, to study them carefully and apply them on a national scale as far as practicable.

**Q** *Is communism in Japan a very serious danger?*

**A** Because Japan is the only country in the Far East with heavy industry, occupation of Japan is almost a must on the agenda of communism's world-conquering march.

**Q** *Have the Communists much chance for success in Japan?*

**A** They can succeed in any country where the people are not alert to the threat of communism. Japan is particularly open to its solicitation, because probably her people are more occupied with material concerns than those of any other country.

**Q** *What are the prospects of Christianity, from your experience?*

**A** If we are able to seize and use it effectively, I see an extremely good opportunity at the present time to insinuate the fundamental principles of the Church's thought into the general thought stream of the nation.

**Q** *How would you seize the opportunity?*

**A** First, by finding it. By having our missionaries so well instructed in the social doctrines of the Church that they will recognize the opportunity when they see it. Our great work is to sow ideas and to see to it that those ideas come to maturity in the life of the Japanese nation.

**Q** *Are there any problems that are peculiar to the Church in Japan?*

**A** Training a more numerous native clergy is need number one. The Church is renewing itself in Japan once every five years. This problem will be with us as long as great numbers of converts are made each year. That induces a problem of discipline.

**Q** *How many more priests could Japan use?*

**A** We have about a thousand in Japan at the present time. We could

use another few thousand priests.

**Q** *Of the thousand, what percentage are foreign.*

**A** We have a little over 200 Japanese priests.

**Q** *Is there much Legion of Mary work being done?*

**A** The Legion of Mary is making rapid progress. The Legion can take credit for many conversions and for strengthening parish life.

**Q** *Is there anything you would care to add to this interview?*

**A** Japan offers a fine opportunity for the Church. Japan is extremely important politically to the Communists and to the United Nations. The United Nations, whether they realize it or not, are fighting for the survival of Christian civilization. Japan lacks the spiritual foundation to really pull her full weight in such a fight. It is our duty to prepare this foundation. Her population is an obstacle. She cannot solve that problem alone; she must appeal for international interest and help. Japan has got to be helped. As long as there is any overpopulated nation anywhere, underpopulation in any country is an intolerable luxury.

Japan's need of the Church is urgent. I do not believe that Divine Providence is going to tolerate anyone placing an insuperable obstacle that would bar the Japanese people from individual and national salvation. We must sow the seeds of hope. God will give the increase.

**Q** *Thank you, Father Tibesar.*

**A** You are welcome. ■ ■ ■

# The Lime Pit

BY THOMAS J. McCARTHY, M.M.

■ THE OLD ONE had lived in Bacalar all her life. When she was young, a priest had lived in town, but he went away. She recalled how Bacalar had been almost 100 years without a priest. Now—one was coming down the street.

She put corn into her bucket, and looked at the young apostle from another land, who could not speak to her in Maya. Quickly she hid her eyes. She did not look up as he came close, but poured limewater over the corn in her bucket and stirred. She wanted to seem busy so that he'd just greet her and go on.

"He's stopping!" she thought. "It's Maria. Well, let him go into the hut. Sometimes Maria talks to him; she knows a little Spanish. Now to soak those kernels of corn until their shells are soft and ready to come off. My tortillas will be the whitest ever!

"Ah, here he is again, the priest with the trees growing in his church. I remember when it had a roof and people. But why think back? Stir! He'll go away—priests always have! He'll go to the lime pit and talk to the men. Isn't it enough that they have to work for weeks quarrying

stones and stacking kindling, without his wanting them to help him cut down the trees that grow in the church?"

Lord God, if only something could take the hard shell from the heart of these, my people, like that lime can take the shells off withered corn. Look at that pit! Men placed the wood and put the stones on top. Now the pit is an inferno of steaming stones. Is there grace in these people that will manifest itself if they can be inflamed in like manner with faith?

For three nights, that pile of stones has sent pink showers of sparks soaring heavenward. It seemed useless when they started, trying to burn rock. Yet they had faith that the heat would penetrate. Will their obdurate hearts warm to the love of Christ some day? Perhaps, if only their priest can have faith like the workers who tend this pit fire.

The men take out the stones; spread them to cool. They pour on barrel after barrel of water and the rocks sizzle. How will they respond, when someone can be as liberal with the waters of Baptism?

Tonight, the steaming rocks will swell and burst into powdery lime, three times the volume of the original stones. The powdered lime will then be ready for use in building, and for making the Old One's corn soft. Will that same wonder take place in their hearts?

Will the heart of the Old One be softened before she makes her last tortilla? God alone knows, for only He can really see what one hundred years without a priest can do to a people. ■ ■

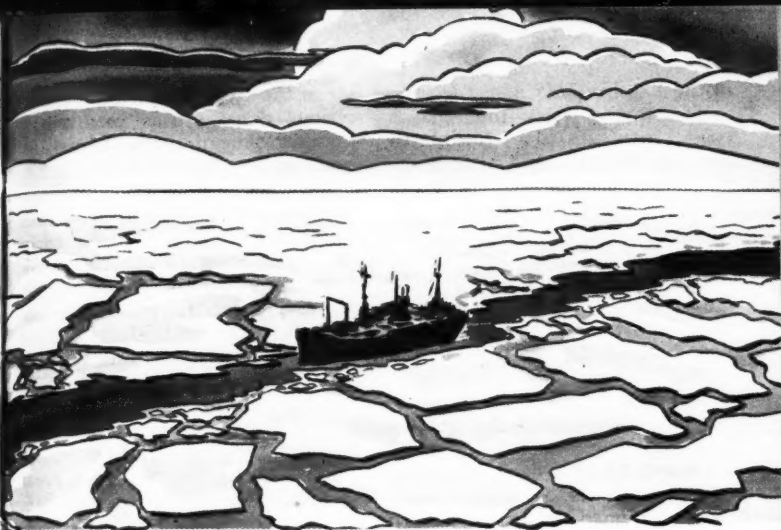
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# Christ Came With Us

**A Maryknoll seminarian  
recalls his experiences  
in Byrd's Antarctic expedition.**

**BY THOMAS F. DONNELLY**

■ PERHAPS you've already heard the story of the U. S. Navy's expedition to Antarctica in the winter of 1946-47. Possibly you saw the trip depicted in the documentary film, "Secret Land." But one aspect of that expedition has been almost completely overlooked, although for

the Catholic personnel it was the highlight of the trip. You see, there was a big difference between this expedition and all the British, Norwegian and American expeditions that preceded it. For this time, Christ came with us! By Divine Providence, for the first time a chaplain was to accompany an Antarctic expedition; and in God's wisdom, the man chosen for the post was a Catholic priest, Father William Menster, Lt. Commander, U.S.N.

In late November, the central group of the thirteen-ship Task Force 68 sailed from Norfolk, Va. Every afternoon, Mass was celebrated in the auxiliary chart-room

of the flagship *USS Mount Olympus* as it steamed down the Atlantic coast, into the blue Caribbean, through the Panama Canal; across the equator, and into the South Pacific. For the first time, the Eucharistic King was present in the Antarctic Ocean for the celebration of His birthday; His influential Presence created another "first" when Signalmen William Beye became the first person to be baptized below the Antarctic Circle.

The ships of the central group entered the floating ice pack that is the Ross Sea, in early January. With the sturdy Coast Guard icebreaker *USCG Northwind* opening a path, the thin-skinned Navy ships steamed slowly toward the world's sixth-largest continent. To the right and left of the little convoy, huge icebergs drifted by, silent sentinels of the Ross Sea. These gigantic flat-topped monsters, some of which weigh over a million tons and cover several square miles of sea, are children born of the Ross Ice Shelf, a wall of ice 150 to 200 feet high, extending along the continental coast line for several hundred miles on either side of the Bay of Whales. It was this awesome barrier that gave to the expedition the code-name "High Jump."

In traversing the 300-mile ice pack, the three Navy ships sprang several leaks as the result of colliding with "bergy bits." These midget icebergs abound in the Ross Sea during the thawing months of December and January. By March they form an impassable field of ice. Although this was the first time rigid metal ships had dared to chal-

lenge the treacherous ice pack, no serious damage was incurred — another indication that Christ was with us!

On January 16, the flotilla entered the Bay of Whales, moored at its southern tip, and commenced unloading operations. Above this bay, buried in the snow, lay the three Little America camps established by Admiral Richard E. Byrd in his previous expeditions. With the tent city of Little America IV firmly erected, Antarctica received its first formal blessing and its Creator, on Sunday, January 26, 1947.

The chapel for this great event was the fairly spacious mess tent at the base camp. Outside the tent, the Navy church pennant snapped in the breeze, its blue-cross-on-white field symbolic of the advent of Hope itself to the "white continent."

Inside, tables had been replaced with makeshift pews — planks resting on ration boxes. At the far end of the tent, an improvised altar was erected by placing a six-foot, meat-cutting board on two work horses. Covering the front of the altar and effectively masking its temporality was a red-velvet antependium emblazoned in gold with the words: Holy, Holy, Holy. Atop the linen-covered board rested the crucifix, altar cards, candles and Missal. In honor of the occasion, albeit incongruous for such surroundings, a bouquet of artificial roses flanked the crucifix.

Crowded into the tent were some 200 officers and men of all faiths. Since Father Menster's first duty was that of chaplain to all the men, he commenced the blessing with a



non-sectarian service. This began about three in the afternoon.

After the general service, most of the non-Catholics filed silently out, while the Catholics drew closer to the altar.

And then — well, then the real consecration took place. Father Menster donned green vestments and commenced the

introductory prayers of the Mass for the Third Sunday after Epiphany. "*Introibo ad altare Dei . . .*" At long last, a priest was approaching an altar erected to God in Antarctica. The words of the Gradual were strikingly appropriate: "The nations will fear Thy Name, O Lord, and all the kings of the earth Thy Glory . . . and the Lord will be seen in His majesty."

The long-delayed, but inevitable moment finally arrived, and the Body of Christ was elevated above the altar to bless the continent He had created! The miracle of Christ's Sacrament! Here He was with us, in an Antarctic tent-chapel buffeted by a 16-below-zero snowstorm, just as truly as He was with His disciples nineteen centuries ago and 12,000

miles away in Jerusalem! And now the Blood of Christ was raised for the consecration of a continent and the adoring gaze of a score of faithful Catholics! At long last the White

Christ had come to the white continent! A few minutes later He was received in Holy Communion by some twenty men.

Prior to the celebration of this Mass, accidents had claimed the lives of four members of the expedition. A seaman in the central group had been killed during unloading operations and three airmen of the eastern group had perished when their plane crashed. After that first Antarctic Mass, there was not another casualty in any of the groups while they were engaged in exploration. Navy planes logged hundreds of hours of hazardous flying without mishap, in photographing some 1,800,000 square miles of hitherto-unknown areas. The last-minute withdrawal from Little America IV, and passage through the ice pack were accomplished without incident. Luck? Coincidence? I prefer to think it was because Christ came with us.

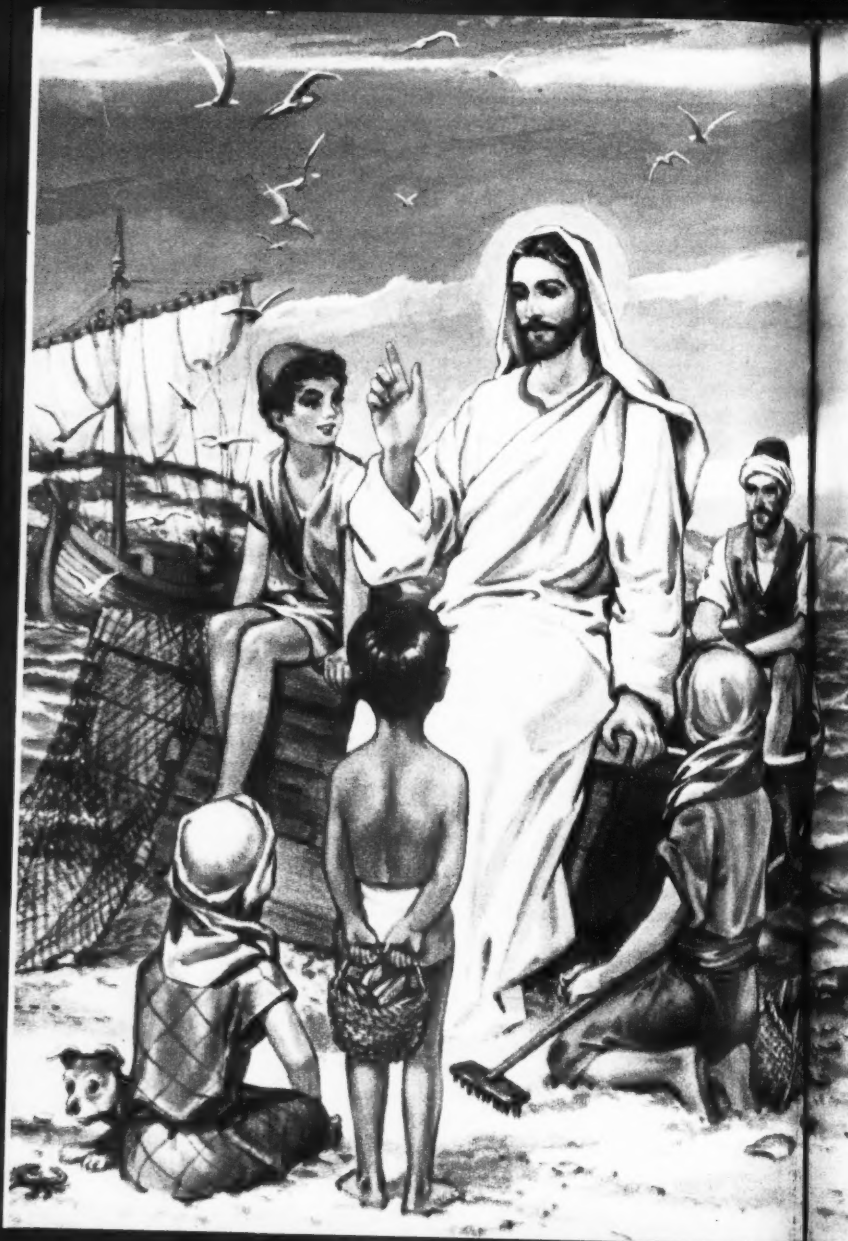
### 5,000 SOULS

**are saved, it is said, by each foreign missionary. Imagine your reward if a young man or woman became a missionary because you suggested it! Why not?**

## NOW HEAR THIS

THE orchestra for the fiesta was imported from Cuzco; it was composed of flute, harp, violin and guitar. It soon had everyone in Azangaro dancing with joy. One woman who is divorcing her husband in the civil courts was so captivated by the music that she ran over, grabbed her husband by the hand and danced with him the rest of the day.

— James M. O'Brien



# The Man by the Sea

**Every boy or girl who grows up near boats should feel very close to Our Lord because Jesus preached some of His most beautiful discourses by the sea. Sadly enough, today many sailors whose ships touch ports in mission lands are peddlers of Red doctrine. More young men of America must sail the seas to preach and teach Christ.**



## Close-up of an Era

BY BISHOP JAMES E. WALSH, M.M.

■ EVERY AGE has been called a critical one by the men who lived in it — and with reason — for every age is eternally decisive for millions of souls. The present age is doubly critical because it holds within its hands the immortal destiny of countless individuals and it holds over the head of all humanity the threat of sudden and universal destruction.

Our age is one of great progress, though progress chiefly in the wrong direction. So far, it has been a thoughtless age, even a selfish and a cruel one, if the promotion of the welfare of men is the true measure of a period. For it has not relieved men's miseries in any appreciable degree, and it has done much to add to those miseries. It has accumulated material luxuries for the few, without distributing the necessities of life to the many.

Our age has increased strife and

division. It possessed great spiritual blessings by inheritance; but instead of sharing them, it has squandered its birthright by depreciation and neglect. Its gifts to humanity are spiritual emptiness and physical insecurity. It has done little for mankind except to scare and frighten.

Ours is a dark age, and one that is likely to leave the world worse rather than better. It may yet, however, by the very poverty of its offerings, have the merit of causing men to enter into themselves, to seek anew for the recipe of human happiness. Men are increasingly coming to know that they have not found happiness, and they are wearied with searching for it in every mirage of modern progress. They no longer expect to find it in the city of confusion. They look for a city that has foundations, whose

Maryknoll



### This Month's Cover

THE boy on our cover this month is up against it. He and some 85 million other people in Japan are in real trouble. From across the wide Pacific, those troubles find their way into your home and, we hope, into your prayers. For details on the frightening obstacles now facing the Japanese, see the interview that begins on page 22 of this issue.

builder and maker is God. (*Heb. xi: 10*)

God and man are the important factors in the universe, and one is the key to the other. It is the misunderstanding of both, and the consequent disregard of the true interests of both, that have caused the present age to neglect essentials in its service to humanity.

The true interest of God, as far as the world is concerned, is the salvation of man. The true interest of man includes the worship of God, through which his wounds are healed, his needs relieved; and the love and service of men, through which his brothers are aided. Everything else in the universe—from the oldest rock to the newest invention—is only the background of human life.

At most, inanimate things play a contributory role in the drama of man. To overemphasize these cold things, and to lose sight of the central figure they revolve around, is not progress. With his flesh-and-blood sensibilities and his undying soul, man is the reason for the universe, and his well-being is always the essential test of the health of the world. What helps man is progress and what ignores or injures him is retrogression.

MAN HAS deeper needs than those of his physical life, and to these only God can minister. He began by sending His Divine Son to rescue man from spiritual death and to implant in his soul the seed of eternal life. This provision for man's spiritual reconciliation to God con-

# Maryknoll

## The Field Afar

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

tained in itself the solution of his physical and material problems, because all his needs of whatever sort are essentially interdependent.

The commission to extend this salvation to all mankind is given to all the members of the Church. The measure in which it is carried out, and the degree it fails to be carried out, are basic factors in the true history of our age; for the human beings of our era are the ones whose fortunes and misfortunes depend essentially upon its success and failure. In our age, over a billion human beings are starving while their brothers abound in all the spiritual riches of their common Father's house.





**His hazel eyes look wistfully at the progress of other tribes.**

**BY THOMAS F. GIBBONS, M.M.**

■ A FEW hundred yards from the Nyegina mission in Africa is a small mud brick hut. A fenced-in back yard is what distinguishes it from the other dwellings in the neighborhood. Sometimes I find my way there, to chat with Hyppolitus.

Our conversation usually covers such topics as the weather and local happenings. The other day, however, our conversation went far beyond run-of-the-mill topics. Our talk was a real event.

Hyppolitus had worked for a number of years as a policeman. His big frame and agile limbs had traveled over the length and breadth of this Tanganyika territory. His hazel

eyes are wide awake. He has looked fondly and hopefully at the ways and accomplishments of other tribes more advanced than his own.

We gazed out over the tableland around the shores of Lake Victoria, and got to talking about what a hard task it is for his people to eke out a living by farming or herding. A few have become teachers. Local shops are cropping up everywhere, supporting a number of shopkeepers. Yet the average person depends on the land for his food and the fodder his livestock must have.

After the rains, the women and young girls use hoes to turn over the earth. They plant their cassava,

corn and sorghum on elongated mounds. Hyppolitus told me that, in the old days, the women cultivated with sticks. He went on to describe in glowing terms how farmers of other tribes had started to use plows.

I said: "Tell you what I'll do, Hyppolitus. I'll supply the plow, provided you will get a team of oxen to do the pulling."

"That's a deal, Father," said he.

Hyppolitus didn't feel like taking such a venturesome step without some help. He persuaded Walyuba, one of the catechumens at our mission, a man with a little spunk about him, to lend a hand.

Hyppolitus came to me a few days later with a new idea. "Say, Father, I promised that I would supply the oxen. Would you mind if I came up with a pair of donkeys instead?"

"Not at all! Not at all!"

Hyppolitus and Walyuba had found a good out. Livestock is not happily managed here in East Africa. Goats survive on anything, but no one wants too many of them because goats nibble away and deplete the land of all vegetation; they devour leaves, roots and seeds. Cows are plentiful but each gives only about a quart of milk a day. The reason is quite obvious. The herds are too large for the amount of grazing land. Smaller herds of bigger cows would be a way to improve the quality of the herds but no stock owner believes that such ideas are practical. Besides, the cow

is still used largely in local bartering. To further complicate matters, cows feature in dowry arrangements.

Hyppolitus and Walyuba got the donkeys and they were pleased with

the plow that I turned over to them. But then came the question of who was to supply the tongue and yoke. I bought the tongue and

attachments at a small blacksmith's shop in Musoma, figuring that was part of my agreement with these two enterprising farmers.

As for the yoke, my friends had their eyes on one of the trees on the mission property. Lumber is scarce here. The trees that grow wild are mostly overgrown bushes.

"Certainly, Hyppolitus," I said, anticipating his request, "you may fell a tree. The trunk of that one you're looking at is big enough. You can chip it down and shape it into a yoke."

Hyppolitus and Walyuba, with an air of accomplishment and satisfaction, are breaking in two donkeys. Tomorrow — perhaps the next day — sometime in the near future, the two will be cultivating in one day a field that would have taken a month if it were done with hoes.

All eyes in this section of Africa are focused nowadays on the future. It seems to me the initiative of men like Hyppolitus and Walyuba in their local surroundings, no matter how humble, indicates that the future is going to be a great big improvement over the present. ■ ■

### IF YOU PLAN

**to move, please send us your old address as well as the new. This will guarantee delivery of your magazine and it will save us money.**





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# The Stop at Kilometer 6

BY JAMES R. DYER, M.M.

■ ALL MONTH long, three times a week, I traveled by horse from Porvenir to a village in the Bolivian jungle that has been dubbed Kilometer 6. My purpose was to teach the children their prayers, the fundamentals of their religion, a love of God and His Divine Son. All of this was to prepare them for their First Communion.

Because of money from benefactors and patrons at home, I was able to offer help to any children who could not afford suitable clothes for the occasion. Otherwise many would not have made their First Communion because they had no clothes they considered worthy of such a day.

We worked hard to prepare the children. Finally the time ran out, and the big day was upon us. All sixteen had passed their exams, and their first confessions had been heard. On the feast, I arrived in Kilometer 6 at nine in the morning, having first offered an early Mass at Porvenir. The altar was set up on what is usually the teacher's desk. It was adorned with palm branches and flowers. Special seats were set aside for the First Communicants, and gradually the little schoolhouse began to fill up with people and children. No one was missing.

When all were ready, I gave a short instruction. This was more for

the benefit of the adults who had come for the occasion, than for the children. During the Mass the children sang a few hymns. All went well up until the time of Communion. I gave the signal for them to light their candles, and that caused a little stir. As I was about to give the first child his Holy Communion, all were silent; their attention was on the Sacred Host.

Suddenly someone in the congregation shouted, "She's on fire!"

There was a mad scramble. I turned and saw that the veil on one of the girls had become a mass of flames. Amelia Nai had let her candle get too close to her head, and her veil had caught fire. A quick-thinking person patted out the flames in short order. Things would have returned to normal had not Amelia's mother chosen that moment to let out a scream. She started to scold her daughter for her carelessness, forgetting all about the presence of the Blessed Sacrament.

It was an awkward moment. Gradually, however, calm and order returned, and I began to distribute Holy Communion to the children. After Mass there was a treat in store for the First Communicants. We sat down to enjoy hot chocolate and sandwiches. It was a big day for the children. One they will remember all their lives. ■ ■



North Japan city folk are rough but quick to spot a man who likes them.

## UP AMONG THE OLD ONES

**There's gold  
in them thar hearts.**

**BY JOHN J. CONSIDINE, M.M.**

■ "It looks like Pittsburgh," I remarked to Father Asai.

With Father Tamura, the local pastor, Father Bartholomew Asai and I were visiting Muroran, a city of 120,000 inhabitants which is now the principal center of a region of 800,000 souls that has become a Maryknoll mission territory.

Instead of Pittsburgh's Monongahela River, Muroran fronts on a large harbor that is one of the three important ports of the northernmost island of Japan, Hokkaido. In the clutter of steep hills and tangled valleys that surround this harbor, sprawling Muroran extends for a distance of five miles. Father Tamura's little church is in the first of five divisions into which the city is partitioned. In the second is a huge steel mill; in the fourth a huge iron works. The city is grimy and crude, with closely crowded habitations, all paintless and somber. However, while the houses are not elegant,

inside they are orderly and neat, as we might expect among the Japanese.

"The people are tough because the work is hard," commented Father Tamura. "They are leftist in their sympathies but they are not radical at heart. They possess a simple directness that should make work among them by a labor priest who understands them very rewarding. American priests who like to live among the poor will accomplish wonders here."

Thus this zealous little man who had done so much in Muroran envisioned with joy the advent of two Maryknollers, Fathers James H. Gorman and Joseph V. Maynard. Indeed, throughout the whole region, the little band of Japanese priests whom the Maryknollers were to relieve were enthusiastic at the prospect of reinforcements. Their one interest was to see their people better served.

The island of Hokkaido gets a bad press in Japan. Hardy though the Japanese are, they are particularly sensitive to climate, whether very hot or very cold. Hokkaido gets five months of snow a year; its vegetation is gaunt and severe compared to the lush foliage of central Japan and hence, after half a century of urging by their Government, less than four million Japanese live in an area easily capable of supporting twenty million.

Those who have come are definitely of pioneer stock. "They are not so delicate in their ways," explained Bishop Tomizawa, "but they are charmingly sturdy folk."

It is as subjects of Bishop Tomizawa, that the Maryknollers will work in Hokkaido. The Bishop is a child

of the Diocese of Kyoto, in the rich, cultural heart of Japan, where Maryknollers already work under Bishop Furuya. As a young priest in Kyoto Bishop Tomizawa played baseball on his parish team. I made him happy my first evening in Sapporo, his see city, by giving him a magazine story on Mickey Mantle.

Bishop Tomizawa has but ten Japanese priests and thus is hopelessly understaffed. A portion of his diocese is cared for by the German Franciscans, who in turn are assisted by Italian Franciscans. Now Maryknoll takes another portion.

The main axis of the new Maryknoll field is the Muroran-Iwamizawa Railroad, a stretch of track 87 miles long northward from the city of Muroran. About half way up this track is a sideline from Tomakomai to Samani, 85 miles to eastward.

Once outside the city, the Hokkaido countryside has its appeal. It is immediately evident that we are in a north-temperate climate, strongly suggestive of Quebec.

My pleasantest recollection of Hokkaido's rural panoramas was the masses of solid yellow that ap-

## OUR ADDRESS?

*It's Easy!*

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P.O., N.Y.



peared everywhere amid the green. These were fields of rape, in full blossom during the June days of my journey. Rape seed is the Japanese substitute for olive oil.

At the small town of Suraoi, we stopped to see the Ainus — anthropological show-pieces of Japan. These people have Caucasian characteristics and are completely distinct from any other stock in Asia.

A friendly young fellow led us out of town to the Ainu village and we met an eighty-year-old gentleman with a huge beard and a huge name, Miamoto Ikashimatoku. Miamoto sat down on the floor of his Ainu

hut with its great thatched roof and regaled us with stories of the days that were. His clear gray eyes twinkled as he spoke. Yet a motif of sadness ran through his tale, such as the ancient Red Indian in America expresses as he talks of his vanishing people.

The city of Tomakomai is the most central community in the Maryknoll territory. It is there that Fathers Joseph Luckey and Bernard Hesler work. It is strongly industrial, with mills that produce 40% of all Japan's newspaper stock.

"Catholics as yet number but two hundred," explained Father Naga-

saka, the pastor who entertained us, "but the city is well disposed toward the Gospel. I conduct a study club on current topics, attended by eighty people, thirty of whom are Catholics. The factory people earn a good wage and are progressive. One of the labor leaders is a Catholic who knows the social encyclicals well and presents their principles to the workers."

It was in Sunagawa and Iwamizawa that I learned best the prospects that face our Maryknollers. In Sunagawa we were guests of Father Januarius Menrad, O.F.M., a German fourteen years in Japan, deeply devoted to the miners who prevail in the Maryknoll sector.

"We have several dozen mines here in the Sorachi District and produce almost 2,000,000 tons of coal a year," Father Menrad noted. "The output is but two tons per man per day, against eleven tons per man per day in the United States. This means low wages, miseries, much radicalism. Yet a priest who proves a real friend of the miners can do fine work here."

Father Menrad emphasized the high level of education among even the poorer workers in the area.

"The typical miner in this district has a fever for reading," asserted Father Menrad. "They read such things as the Japanese edition of *Reader's Digest* and general Japanese magazines of thought."

"They are, then, passably well educated," I remarked.

"Quite so," replied Father. "I would say that the poor in Japan are much better educated than in Germany or England. Particularly

important, they live their culture. A railroad worker recently gave me a handwritten brochure of poems he had composed. Many a taxi man reads *good* magazines while waiting for a fare. I met a farmer on the train recently; he has to struggle to work his plot, yet it was astonishing what broad, sensible knowledge of the world he got through reading."

"They tell me many like music," I remarked.

"Very much so. One of my Catholics, a barber, has an excellent library of phonograph records of the Western classics, especially Beethoven."

"Do such people take to Christianity?" I asked.

"I would rate them," he answered, "in their difficulty somewhat as follows: Category 1. The most difficult — the politicians; 2. the owners and managers of plants; 3. small town merchants ('I don't want Catholic clerks,' remarked one, 'you can't run your business the way Catholics think.');

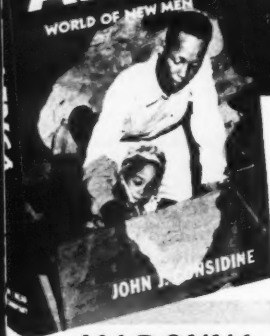
4. larger merchants; 5. farmers (difficult because hard to reach); 6. students (university students are toughest, then normal-school; some gains among middle-school students); 7. factory workers; 8. professional men; 9. miners, my favorites as the best disposed among all."

Father Edmond Ryan, a veteran from the Kyoto area (assisted by Father Touchette) is the leader of the first band of Maryknollers who are applying themselves enthusiastically to the mill workers, the factory hands and the miners, the promising elements in our new field.

■ ■

# AFRICA

WORLD OF NEW MEN



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# Rice Harvest



Formosa was formerly called the rice bowl of Japan. Today under the Nationalists, rice production is still at a high peak. Rice-harvest season is a time of great joy.

A FORMOSA PHOTO STORY BY FRANCIS J. LYNCH, M.M.



The rice kernels are separated in the field (see page 45) and the stalks are hauled to town for fuel, fodder and making mats.



Rice-harvest time is also a season of festival. The Buddhists appear in bright costumes and give thanks for the fruitfulness.



The threshed rice is spread out in the sun to dry. During this period the harvesters are even allowed to use the island's concrete roads for their drying. The Formosa farming folk, like the woman (right), work very hard. The Formosan climate does the rest to make a good harvest.



# New Way for a New Day

BY SISTER CATHERINE MAUREEN

■ IN THE little mud hut behind our house, a woman was wailing the death cry of the Bantu tribe.

I knew at once that it was Felisiya. Her boy Golus must be much worse. She had brought the seven-year-old through the bush from her village some five miles away, carrying him on her back. We had tried to make them comfortable in the hut that we use for such cases.

The boy was in convulsions when I entered the hut. He really seemed to be dying. Poor Felisiya had given up hope.

The convulsions stopped when I immersed the little fellow in a hot bath. It was wonderful to see him suddenly relax and go to sleep. Felisiya silenced her death wail and dried her tears. I left her squatting peacefully beside the child as he lay on a blanket on the earthen floor.

When I dropped in not long afterwards, to see how things were going, a native doctor was making short incisions all over the boy's body.

"What are you doing?" I asked.

"This will heal the lad," the doctor explained. "The sickness in his body will go out through these slits."

Felisiya concurred. "He will cure my Golus."

It took some tact — of which I have very little — to persuade the doctor to stop. Felisiya was confused

by it all. Even when Golus was well again, she never knew whether to credit his cure to my work or the native healer's incisions. Many of our African people are caught thus between the old ways and the new. Not taking any chances, they try to follow both.

For instance, when Majita told me that her little brother was ill, she could not tell me anything more than, "He fell on a stone two days ago."

I decided to see the boy myself, and walked to her house on the outskirts of our village. The ten-year-old was lying face down. He seemed to me to have meningitis but I could not be sure.

"He should go to the hospital," I told his mother. "If you come now I can take him in the mission jeep."

But she demurred. "My husband is not here, and I cannot do this thing in his absence."

The next day I went again.

"Your son will not live if he stays here," I told the father. "You must get him to the hospital at Musoma."

They put the boy on a stretcher and then carried him a mile and a half to the mission. From there we went to Musoma by jeep.

At the hospital the diagnosis was tetanus. It's a good thing we caught the case early! ■ ■

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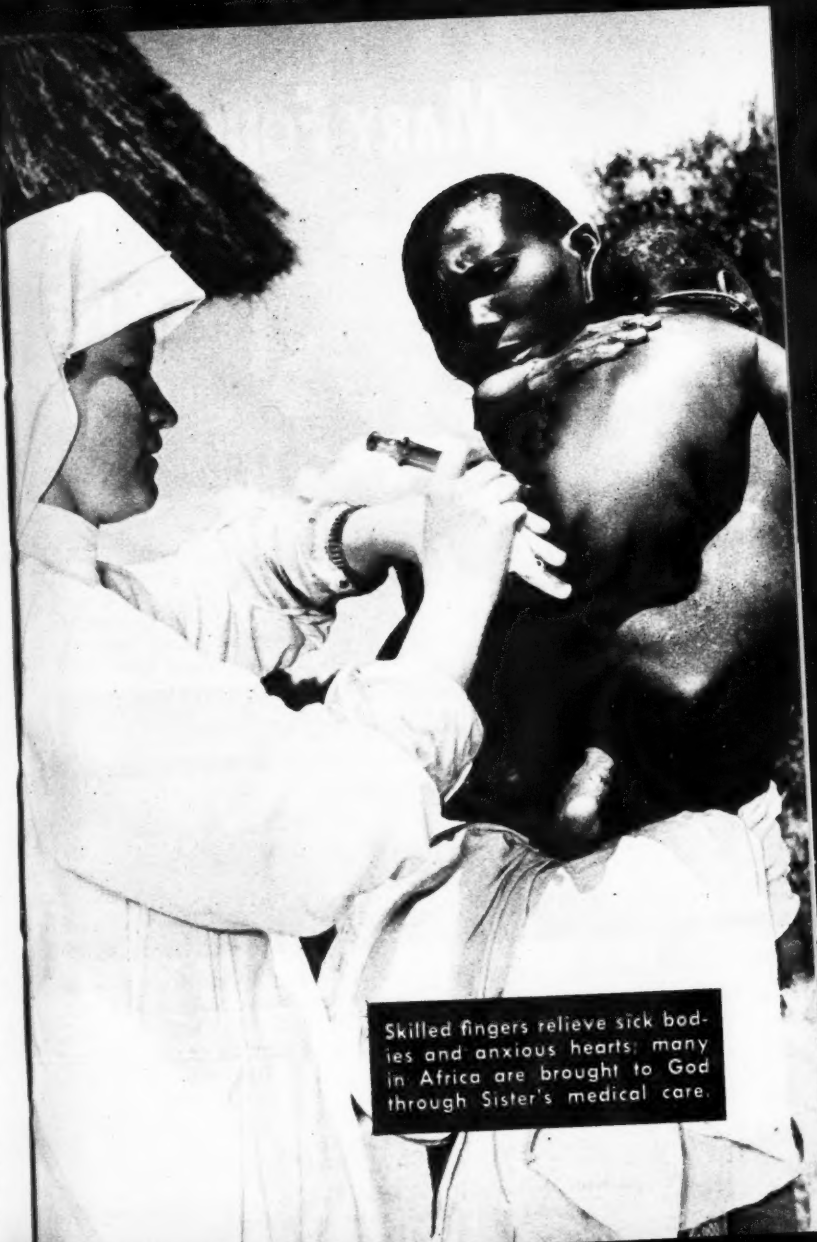
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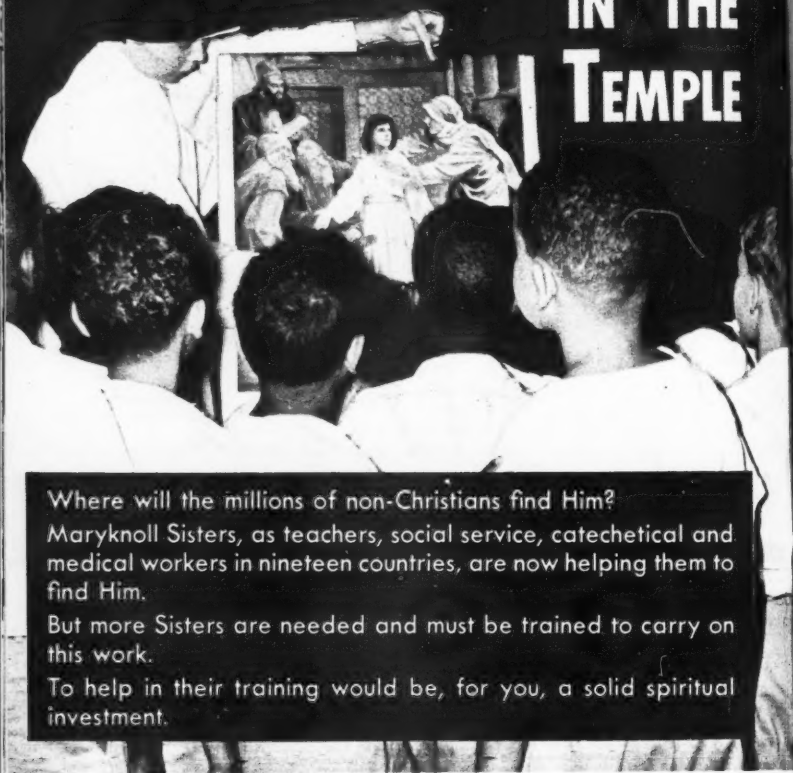
ROLL



Skilled fingers relieve sick bodies and anxious hearts; many in Africa are brought to God through Sister's medical care.



# MARY FOUND HIM IN THE TEMPLE



Where will the millions of non-Christians find Him?

Maryknoll Sisters, as teachers, social service, catechetical and medical workers in nineteen countries, are now helping them to find Him.

But more Sisters are needed and must be trained to carry on this work.

To help in their training would be, for you, a solid spiritual investment.

**MARYKNOLL SISTERS, Maryknoll, New York**

Let me help you train Sisters for your world-wide work for Christ. I enclose \$.....

Name.....

Street.....City.....Zone.....State.....

As long as I can, I will send \$..... to help support a Maryknoll Sister-in-training.

■ FUNERALS are a source of profit to the undertakers and to the Buddhist priests, who charge fees in proportion to the social standing of deceased persons' relatives. Buddhism is at its strongest here in Kyoto, Japan. The Buddhist funeral ritual is often requested as a matter of social convention, even though the traditional rites and ceremonies may have no relation to the personal faith of the family requesting them.

Funerals offer the missionary a wonderful opportunity for winning the good will of non-Christian relatives of the deceased. He performs the Catholic exequies before many people who are viewing them for the first time. He has a chance to give them a talk on the Catholic teaching of life beyond the grave.

Father Louis Wolken received a phone call about a week ago. He was requested to officiate at the wake of a student who had been killed that morning in an automobile accident. After reciting the customary prayers, he explained some of our doctrines.

Japanese students as a class are hard to reach. They are even harder to lead all the way to the baptismal font. No matter what methods Father Wolken had tried, he had never been able to get more than five or ten students in a group to listen to matter purely doctrinal. But that night, thirty university students were crowded into the room. They had gathered to pay their respects before the body of a fellow student, who had been just as healthy as they that morning.

Among the prayers the faithful



# The Quick and The Dead

Tragedy becomes opportunity

BY CLETUS J. SCHROERING, M.M.

customarily say at a Catholic wake in Japan is: "Eternal, all-merciful God, who hast created men for the eternal happiness of heaven, grant that this Thy servant, returning to his true home, may receive eternal joy in Thy presence."

This prayer was full of thought-provoking meaning for these students who were used to the meaningless rote of Buddhist priests, which they had heard at all the non-Christian funerals they had so far attended.

Many university students don't know the meaning of terms that are familiar to us, such as "soul" and "all saints." They have only a hazy notion of who Christ is. It was in

order then that Father direct his ten-minute talk to explaining the most fundamental articles of our faith, for the benefit of the non-Christians present.

Father emphasized the doctrine of God's great love for all men, and in particular for each one listening to his talk. Of the fifty or so people gathered before him, only the mother of the dead student was a Catholic. Aside from an occasion such as this, when would that many students listen so attentively to a doctrine entirely different from the materialistic doctrine with which their classrooms, their literature and their newspapers are saturated?

The mother of the dead student was overwhelmed with grief because her son had met his fate after a riotous graduation party. He had been driving his car at full speed when the crash occurred.

Father pointed to the crucifix set between the two candles on top of the bare wooden coffin. He spoke of God's infinite mercy, tender enough to have given the grace of final repentance to her son in the two hours he had lived after the accident.

The pagan mind finds it hard to understand how an all-powerful God could permit His Son to die

meekly as a lamb upon the Cross. But with the corpse of their fellow-student lying before them, the students were more receptive to Father's few words on the limitless mercy of God.

The Japanese, as a rule, try to avoid thinking of death. In Japanese, the word four and the word death are pronounced alike — *shi*. Many of the hospitals have no number-four ward, lest the patients think of the wrong meaning when they hear the word *shi*. Our catechumens have studied the articles of the Apostles' Creed; they can hear the word *shi* pronounced, and it brings thoughts of peace and rest. But to non-Christian ears, the word is shocking and as harsh as it is short.

Father Wolken ended his talk by giving the Catholic outlook on death. He depicted death as the doorway to heaven, and that figure sank deep into the minds of his listeners.

As Father was leaving, he wondered how many of the thirty students and the others present would be moved enough to go a step further and inquire further into the Catholic doctrine. He gave thanks to God who had given him this opportunity. ■ ■

## THANK GOD!

■ "ONE thing we can be grateful for — it is getting hard indeed for a Christian to think that God likes his race better than other races. A Christian may still like his race better than others, but it's getting very hard to think that God agrees with him. And even if he does think that God agrees with him, it is getting very hard, almost impossible, to say it aloud." — Alan Paton



# Will You Help Support a Maryknoll Missioner?

More than \$1 a day is needed for him. He gives his life. Will you go "part way" and back him at \$1 a day, if not for the full 30 days, then for 20, 10, 5 or even 1 or 2 days each month — any number you wish? By sharing in the sacrifice of a missioner, you share also in his Masses, his labors, his prayers — and surely in his reward. Help yourself by helping him! Try it.

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**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS, Maryknoll P. O., N. Y.**

**Dear Maryknoll Fathers:**

While I can, I will give \$..... each month toward the \$30 that is needed monthly to support a Maryknoll missioner. Please send me a monthly reminder. I understand that this is not a pledge, may be discontinued at will, and should not interfere with my personal or parish obligations.

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# Word of Warning

Here are seventy loud reasons why Padre Jaime has no peace.

BY JAMES V. MANNING, M.M.

■ THIS is not meant to discourage any prospective founders of Boystowns, but just to give them an idea of what they are getting themselves into. Running a Boystown means getting up early every morning — sometimes even earlier than one planned, because one of the family knocks on my door about something that is really not important to anyone but the one knocking. Then there is the job of getting seventy boys out of bed, to begin the activities of the day.

Our day here in Talca, Chile, officially begins with Mass. This should be the one time in the day when the priest is left tranquil. But not around here. The other day at the very moment of the Consecration, I sneezed. I almost fell over when one of the kids shouted, "Salud" — the Chilean equivalent of "God bless you."

MARYKNOLL

Many a time, in the midst of Mass, some new boy comes rushing up and begins to poke me in the ribs before anyone can stop him. He just wants to say that another lad has been bothering him out in the hall.

What bedlam there is, as each one begins to devour the first meal of the day. The Padre figures that this should be a peaceful meal but nobody else seems to think that. One gulp of coffee — and several of the family are on top of him to complain about this or that.

Halfway through breakfast, the Padre sees that it is time to get the boys off to school. He has to leave his breakfast because this one has no notebook, that one needs a pencil, and another must take a note to his professor. They have all been told a million times that such things should be done the night before. A million times they forget. Patience starts to get a little low at this point, but it never gives out, thanks be to God.

Off to school they finally go. But not all. Some remain here for class. Before they start the day, they have to clean up the whole place. This means another session of trying to persuade them to get it done quickly.

At last there is time for the correspondence and the paper work that has to be done. The phone rings. People come in. Boys rush in because of petty fights with their companions. I have to write everything down. If I don't, important

matters slip my mind in a matter of seconds—never more to come again.

At twelve, all the boys are back again. It could be a pleasant half hour before lunch, listening to music, but there are always small battles to be refereed and complaints to be attended to. Then comes lunch. The lads are really hungry, and as soon

as the food hits the table, silence reigns while they dig in. What peace and tranquility. At four, they are back again. Right away comes the unpleasant task of getting homework done. All boys feel that five hours of school are enough. Why continue the torture when they get home? Then there is time for an hour or more of play before supper. The yelling subsides a bit as they relish the spaghetti but all too soon the yelling begins again. Oh, how we long for the meals of the yearly retreat, when all is silence. Some more playtime afterwards. Rosary in bed and then lights out.

But the Padre's day is still not finished. There are still prayers to be said and little extras not finished during the day. If he is lucky, a few undisturbed minutes for reading before turning off the lights. Peaceful rest brings thoughts of that old song which claims that boys are made of snails and puppy dog tails. It reminds me that these, our boys, are made of bodies and souls just like all others, and that our job is to make their souls as big and sturdy as their bodies. ■ ■

### 1954 NOW MEANS

One more year of labor and  
sacrifice completed for Our Lord;  
one year less of life on this  
earth for me.



**If you're looking for creature comforts, stay away from Majita!**

**BY JAMES W. LEHR, M.M.**

■ **MAJITA** is the newest of our eight missions in our Musoma Prefecture in Africa. It was started last July by Father William J. Murphy and Brother Fidelis. They had to begin from scratch, first putting in roads. For six months they lived in a mud house. What a place that was! I should know, since I spent two weeks there. It had mud walls, no windows, a dirt floor and a grass roof that leaked. They ate and slept in this one-room affair. The walls dividing the room were blankets, strung from poles that went from

wall to wall. Many's the time I got a solid bump on my head from those poles. Brother Fidelis told me that he had sores on his head from hitting those sisal poles.

The place where we said Mass was a small grass hut that was used as the school during the day. It held about twenty natives. This was also booby trapped with low overhead poles, and I got more than one bump on the head from them. When Father General was here, we showed him the place where Father Murphy and Brother Fidelis lived. He said

**MARYKNOLL**



that he had never seen such a hovel in all his life.

During the first six months here, Father and Brother put up a couple of two-room, aluminum houses, a kitchen and a mud brick teacher's house. We are using the three-room teacher's house for our dining room, recreation room and chapel. We do not have a rectory yet and will not have one for sometime. The next thing on the program is the erection of a school.

During the last week in the mud hut, I became acquainted with fleas. I know that it must have been in the hut that I got them because it was always after I said Mass there that they began to bite. Every morning I had to spend about half an hour getting them off myself and my clothes. The little devils really can bite, and more than one of those I killed had gorged himself on my blood. Now we are in the new place — no more fleas and no more bumps on the head from low partition poles.

This mission has no central language school, due to the diversity of languages. Almost every mission has a different tribe, and so a different language. Although I have been in Africa for only four months now, I have been at Majita for one month. The study of the language here is a bit different from what it is in other missions that I have heard about. We don't have trained teachers to initiate us into the language. The usual procedure is to get one of the natives to help. He knows little about how to teach, and does not speak any English — that makes it more interesting. First I had to find a native who was willing

to teach me; that is not always easy. Since I came to Africa, I have had two teachers. I had the first one for three weeks; then he got into trouble with another man's wife, which meant he had to go. From then until I came here to Majita I was on my own. Happily, I had some help from books; Father Murphy had spent six months, compiling a grammar and dictionary in this language.

One of my most interesting experiences, since coming to Majita, was my first sick call. Every Sunday Father Murphy stays overnight at the mission in Musoma. On Monday morning, he does the shopping and picks up the mail. That means I am here alone with Brother Fidelis, and any call that comes in is my responsibility.

One Monday morning Father Murphy was in Musoma as usual,

#### THE AUTHOR





## THE CATHOLIC WILL

### SHOULD REMEMBER:

- 1) *One's Family*
- 2) *One's Friends*
- 3) *Charities*
- 4) *One's Parish*
- 5) *Diocesan Institutions*
- 6) *National Institutions*
- 7) *The World Church (Foreign Missions)*

### THE SPREAD OF THE FAITH SHOULD FIGURE IN EVERY CATHOLIC WILL

For the benefit of donors who wish to help Maryknoll spread the Faith, the following form may be used:

"I hereby give, devise and bequeath to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc., of Maryknoll, New York . . . . . (here insert amount or description of legacy or property). The legacy is to be used by the said Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc. for the purposes for which it is incorporated."

and I was making my thanksgiving after Mass, when I heard voices outside. Brother came in to tell me there was a sick call.

I started the eight-mile walk to the woman's village. We had to stop once at the Luo school, to ask directions. After two hours of walking, we finally arrived.

I put on my surplice and entered the room. I couldn't see a thing; the hut had no windows, and I had just come in from bright sunlight. When my eyes became accustomed to the dark, I looked around for the dying woman. She was being held up by a couple of the natives, and was unconscious. I asked for a chair on which to set up the candles, crucifix and corporal for the Blessed Sacrament. I had to use my flashlight to read the prayers. While I was anointing the woman, one of the natives held the light for me.

It was hot outside, but even hotter inside. I had to stop once to clear my glasses of the sweat that was pouring down over my face. When I finished, there wasn't anything for me to do but leave, as I did not know enough of their language to say anything comforting.

Before I left the village, one of the natives loaned me his bike. Thinking it would be easier to ride than walk, I accepted. When we arrived at the foot of the hill on which the mission is located, the Luo took the bike and I continued on foot to the top. The pack I was carrying felt like lead, and by the time I reached the summit, I was exhausted. Although tired, I was happy because I had helped a soul into the great beyond.



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# Bamboo Wireless

New York City's Father JAMES RAY had a close brush with death in Korea. A Korean cleaning the bottom of the mission well was overcome by fumes from a pump. An American G.I. went down to help the man and was also overcome. Father Ray tied a rope around himself and went down. The two men were brought up just as Father passed out. He was hauled to safety. Artificial respiration by Brother RAYMOND NIHILL (Boston) revived the G.I., but all attempts to save the Korean worker failed. The fresh air brought Father Ray around.

\* \* \*

Maryknoll's Father JOHN MANNING is the new secretary to Cardinal FUMASOMI-BIONDI, head of the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. His Eminence has traditionally had a Maryknoller as secretary . . . Father JOHN CASEY on his way to Scranton waved to a Greyhound bus to stop. The driver waved back, and kept right on going.

\* \* \*

Testifying before a Congressional committee investigating Communism abroad, Father JOSEPH P. MCGINN, of Philadelphia, told of his experiences as a Red prisoner in China. He called "human blood" the secret weapon of the Communists. If it cost ten Chinese lives to take one American soldier's life, the Reds felt that they were winning . . . A letter to his family in Ireland is the first news from Father JOSEPH MCCORMACK since he was put in a Shanghai prison in June, 1953, by the Communists.

\* \* \*

Father FRANCIS X. LYONS (Philadelphia) and BERNARD F. RYAN (Chicago) are working out details to establish radio schools in the Bolivian altiplano. The idea is patterned after the successful catechetical and literacy radio schools in Colombia, established by Padre JOAQUIN SALCEDO.

\* \* \*

From Hawaii, Father JOHN STANKARD sends along information on unusual funeral customs. Father had a funeral the other day, and after Mass the coffin was opened so that everyone could have a picture taken with the dead boy. The boy's godfather put a new pair of shoes in the coffin because he had promised them while the boy was alive, and then the coffin was finally sealed. Two days later the surviving relatives invited Father to a big party for the dead boy because it was the youth's birthday.

# Letters

## OF THE MONTH

We do not publish any letter without first obtaining the writer's permission.

### Balance

May this subscription offset the one which was withdrawn because of a little boy's heart which was in sympathy with those less fortunate than himself. How deeply wounded the Heart of Jesus must be at the attitude of that father or mother. Your magazine is a reminder to me that I have so much while others have so little.

MARGARET F. HANNON

Wilton Junction, Iowa

I was almost ashamed of belonging to the human race when I read the letter from the parent canceling your magazine because it had put the thought in a child's head of becoming a missionary. Then I felt that for every selfish parent there must be thousands who would be only too happy to have a son become a mission priest. What I still can't understand is how so selfish a parent could have so unselfish a son.

MRS. ROBERT HENNING

New Orleans

### Letter Fan

I enjoy Maryknoll's magazine very much. Sometimes I cry, sometimes I laugh when I read the various articles. Please continue to print at least two pages of letters every month. I enjoy them very much.

NAME WITHHELD

Chesaning, Mich.

62

### Old Friend

All you Maryknollers are close to my heart. Away back in 1918 three of the first ordained young men spent a day in my folks' home in Brooklyn before sailing to China. I can remember that one was a big man and had a good voice.

ARTHUR J. HAMPSON

Whittier, Calif.

■ *The three priests were Father Bernard Meyer (who still has a good voice); Bishop James Edward Walsh, now in Shanghai; and the late Bishop Francis X. Ford, who died in a Communist prison.*

### Lay Missioners

Your articles on lay missioners are most interesting. Let's have more of them. There must be many young men and women in this country who would gladly give a few years of their lives to the missions. The articles on what these young apostles are doing should inspire others to the same sacrifice.

HORTON R. CAMPBELL

Santa Fe, N. M.

### Disgusted

I don't like your publication. It is always begging for this and that. Don't send it to me any more.

Philadelphia

JOHN MCGUIRE

■ *We're not begging but only offering you the chance to be a 100% Catholic.*

MARYKNOLL

### Prayers Asked

The enclosed contribution to your work is a small one but I have had much trouble. A year ago my oldest boy was killed in an automobile accident. Four months later my husband dropped dead at work. A month ago we had a fire at our house and my daughter was burned and taken to the hospital where the doctors discovered that she had tuberculosis. I know God has a reason for these many trials but please ask the Maryknoll members to pray that I will have strength to bear up under all of this.

NAME WITHHELD

New York City

### Fashion Note

Congratulations on the sensible habit that is being worn by the new congregation of nuns which was established in the Maryknoll mission on Formosa. It is modern, edifying and sensible. I have long felt that some of the religious dress sets up a barrier for the people. Our Lord wants his priests and Sisters to be approachable. He Himself wore the dress of His own day.

PATRICK J. DONNELL

Miami

### Admired

I thought you might like to know about a set of beautiful Madonna pictures which I bought after reading about them in your magazine. I had them framed and hung in our bedrooms. Every guest who has seen them has remarked about their charm and distinctiveness. They really are attractive and in good taste, and so devotional. We know that anything that comes from Maryknoll will be of the best — including your wonderful magazine.

MRS. HENRIETTA LONG

Milwaukee

### Strange Proposal

Something funny happened last night. I have been going with a boy for several years and during all that time he never got up enough courage to propose to me. Last night he came over to watch television, and when he sat down in a chair he sat on your magazine. He pulled it out and saw my name on it. "I get this magazine, too," he said. "Why don't we get married and we could save a dollar a year by getting one subscription?" Wasn't it funny that it took MARYKNOLL to give him enough courage to pop the question? If you print this letter, don't use my name. The girls in the office would never let me live it down.

NAME WITHHELD

Hartford, Conn.

### Businessman

I am raising chickens and selling eggs. I have two chicken coops. One chicken coop has white chickens, and the other has brown chickens. The money I get for selling the eggs of the white chickens I put in the bank to go to college. The money I get from the eggs of the brown chickens I am sending to Maryknoll to help the missions. I hope you pray that the brown chickens lay lots of eggs.

HENRY

Des Moines, Iowa

### Query

I saw in the Catholic paper that a Maryknoll priest builds houses for the poor in Hong Kong for about \$150. How can he possibly do it so cheaply? You can't build a chicken coop for that amount here in this country.

ROBERT R. MCGRADE

Boston

■ See the article in this issue: "From Tunnels to Terraces."





# WANT ADS

**Let There Be Light.** "We have no light in our town," writes Bishop Danehy from Bolivia. \$375 will install an electric motor plant.

**Hey! Hay!** "We need two horses to make our hay wagon a school bus, to transport farm children to our school. Each horse will cost \$100," writes a missionary from Chile. Do you like horses?

**That Wreck in San Miguel,** Guatemala, can be turned into a home for a missionary who works among the Indians for \$907.25. Want to help?

**White, Red, Black, Green, Purple** — a complete set of Mass vestments in these colors is needed in Musoma, Africa. Total cost: \$125, or \$25 a set. Will you give all or part of the sum needed?

**You Can't Speak Japanese** but even babies in Japan can. A substantial help to our 65 missionaries there would be a Catholic movie, to be shown everywhere. It will cost \$300. One dollar, however, will provide good Catholic literature for interested Japanese.

**Parlor, Kitchen,** bedroom, chapel furniture is requested for the Sisters' con-

vent, St. Rose of Lima, Peru. The costs are high for us. Would you like to help? Convent furniture: \$1,500; vestment case, \$200; Mass, Benediction vestments, \$50.

**"The Poor,** the wanderer, the undernourished." Gifts so marked are most valuable to missionaries in Japan; \$5 or \$10 will go a long way to help the destitute.

**The Old Roof Leaks** — the Indians get wet attending Mass — bats fly around the altar. Roofing tin, 500 sheets at \$2 each, will make this Central American church dry and decent.

**"If I Had Walked** I could not have reached the death bed in time to baptize old Theresa," wrote a Maryknoller in Africa. He borrowed a motorcycle that time. He could buy it for every call for \$600.

**Three Dollars a Month** isn't much, but it supplies the sanctuary lamp to burn before the Blessed Sacrament in a chapel in Formosa for your intentions.

**Try One at Our Risk.** Forty Japanese college students live with us in Kyoto, Japan. We are scraping for these items for each student: month's food, \$10; desk, \$7.50; tuition, \$7.50; bookshelf, \$5. Help rebuild Japan's young men.

**Angelic Choirs** don't need organs but our people in Lipa, Philippines, do; \$300 will supply the organ.



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## BISHOP FORD MEMORIAL

February 21 is the third anniversary of the death of Bishop Ford in a Communist prison in China.

Friends and admirers of Bishop Ford have proposed a memorial in his honor in the new chapel of the Maryknoll Seminary where future missionaries will be trained to carry on the work of Bishop Ford. It may please you to have a share in the memorial.

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### MARYKNOLL FATHERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.

I wish to help other missionaries in training, so I enclose . . . . . toward the sum needed for a Memorial to Bishop Ford in the Maryknoll Seminary Chapel.

My Name . . . . .

My Address . . . . .

City . . . . . Zone . . . . . State . . . . .

# People are Interesting!

The End  
of a Journey



**Off** a lighter in Hong Kong harbor comes a big drum of powdered milk to be given to our refugees.



**Father** Joseph McGinn and his helpers divide the milk powder into small packets so that it will be ready for fast distribution.



**End** of the journey is in an old coffee can in a Hong Kong back alley. Perhaps it was your gift that helped feed this child!

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